

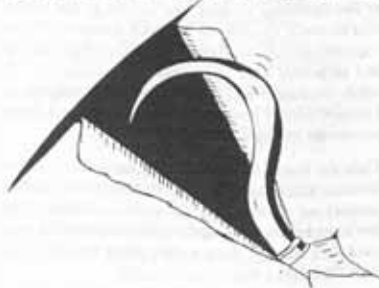
## UNCUS: Dolor Durat Per CXXXV Momenta Temporis

Olim erat fabula bella quae multis liberis placebat. Heros in illa fabula bella erat puer qui adolescere nolebat. Nomen huic puero erat Petrus Pan. Quando ludebat, Petrus iter faciebat ad insulam cui nomen erat Numquam-terra. In hac insula Petrus habebat multos amicos (pueros qui via errabant) amicasque (nymphas quae in arboribus et in mari habitabant). Quoque in hac insula erant viri mali qui habebant cutes rubras, et piratae quorum princeps erat Navarchus Uncus.

Una nocte (in illa fabula bella) Petrus advenit Londinium et inrepsit in cubiculum ubi Wendea, Michael et Iohannes dormiebant. Una cum Petro hi tres liberi advolaverunt ad Numquam-terram. In hac insula hi liberi cum Petro amicisque eius volebant multos casus, et adibant multos labores. Liberi a piratis et a Navarcho Unco rapti sunt, sed brevi tempore liberati sunt a Petro amicisque eius. Tunc redierunt Londinium, et in cubiculo suo mox redormiebant sicut nihil acciderat.

J. M. Barrius hanc fabulam A.D. MCMIV scripsit. Haec fabula primum fuerat ludus scaenicus, tum rescribatur ut liber esset. "Quam bella fabula!" multi inquebant.

Nunc, autem, habemus picturam moventem, Uncum, et non modo nemo inquit, "Quam bella pictura movens!"



sed multi inquirunt, "Haec pictura movens mala est. Longior est! Stephanus Spielbergus fabulam bellam destruxit. Spielbergus non iam potest creare picturas moventes bonas; non iam cognoscit quae res spectatoribus placeant."

In hac pictura movente cui titulus est *Uncus*, Petrus Pan non iam puer est. Adultus est. Wendea nepotem in matrimonium duxit. Iuvenis iuriconsultus sicarius est qui habitat in America et neglegit uxorem liberosque suos. In initio picturae moventis, Petrus et familia sua iter faciunt Londinium ut visitent uxoris aviam, Wendeam (quae erat puella in originali fabula bella).

Petri liberi dormiunt in eodem cubiculo ubi Wendea, Michael et Iohannes olim dormiebant.

Dum Petri liberi dormiunt, rapiuntur a Navarcho Unco et portantur ad Numquam-terram. Avia Wendea Petrum dicrum admonet quando ipse erat Petrus Pan. Imperat Petro ut iterum fiat Petrus Pan et servet liberos ab Unco. Petrus avolat cum nympha per umbras, et pictura movens avolat in terram soporantem.

Spectatores inquirunt, "Prima XV momenta temporis et ultima XV momenta temporis erant bona, sed reliqua haec pictura movens erat tarda et insula."

Haec pictura movens non est pro liberis sed pro parentibus recentibus qui se culpant quia non satis temporis liberis suis dant. Haec pictura movens est pro parentibus recentibus qui interioris pueritiae suae meminisse temptant. Quia *Uncus* est pro parentibus, non habet fabulam imaginariam. Haec pictura movens non adducit spectatores ut credant nymphis, piratis vel arti magicae.

*Uncus* est pictura movens doloris plena. Petrus Pan dolorem accipit quia adolevit. Spectatores dolore exardescunt quia pictura movens tam diu durat, et non habet fabulam levem sed gravem—fabulam in veritatibus adultis non in rebus imaginariis conditam. Infeliciter, dolor durat plus quam II horas!

## Latin 101

By Rocky Tsai, Latin II student of Margot Martin, Fayetteville H.S., Fayetteville, Arizona

Hic, haec, hoc  
Wrote the wizened professor in chalk  
My eyes searched for the clock

Hic, haec, hoc  
Qui, quae, quod  
My head began to nod  
I gave myself a prod  
Qui, quae, quod

Amo, amas, amat  
My brain began to clot  
I hate this class a lot  
Amo, amas, amat

Sum, es, est  
I hope there's not a test  
My chin sunk to my breast  
Sum, es, est

Bonus, -a, -um  
He looked around the room  
I sense impending doom  
Bonus, -a, -um

Huic, huic, huic  
"Midterm is next week..."  
I should have taken Greek  
Huic, huic, huic

## An Ideal Latin Classroom: Then &amp; Now

In going through the files of a retired Latin teacher, I happened to come across a wish-list for "An Ideal Latin Room" composed ca. 1950. I thought it would be fun to share the description and follow it with a 1990's version.

## An Ideal Latin Classroom, ca. 1950

"My Latin room must be Roman from its outer to its innermost parts. It must be located on the southeast side of the building where the bright sun will give it the appearance and probably the feeling of the sunny climate of Italy. Marble statues—more like stone—will be located in favorable places about the room. Among these will be Caesar, Cicero and Virgil (*hic*). Entwining about some of the statues will be some artificial grape vines loaded with the purple harvest. Near others will stand the olive tree. On the walls will hang paintings of famous pictures from mythology and history. Good blackboards will cover two walls. From day to day they will wear new gems of Latin. There will be no seats fastened to the floors in the ordinary row fashion. But all desks will be moveable so that individual differences may be taken care of and a more agreeable atmosphere created. In one corner of the room will be a bookcase filled with the treasures of the Roman nation. Here will be the most modern and worthwhile textbooks, supplementary readers, novels on Roman life, plays, Roman histories, myths, et cetera. In another corner will be a bookcase displaying Latin projects constructed by the pupils. Then, lastly, but by far the most important, this Latin room must cherish happy,

eager students and a teacher overflowing with a love of teaching."

## An Ideal Latin Classroom for the 90's

The ideal Latin classroom for the 1990's must be a combination high-tech class room and lecture hall, computer lab, research library, crafts center and living museum of Roman culture, artifacts and art. Students would enter the area through a recreation of a classic Roman doorway and walk onto a student-made recreation of a Roman mosaic floor. A large alcove off one side of the room would feature a Roman triclinium with an operative fountain, the surrounding walls decorated with life size student reproduced frescos illustrating the major styles of Pompeian wall paintings. The back wall of the room would feature large deep shelves on which could be displayed examples of the best models and art projects created by students and a lighted glass display cabinet filled with authentic artifacts and high quality museum replicas. On this wall would also be a large built-in closet for storing Roman costumes. The upper half of the third side of the room would be covered with a large bulletin board for displaying an ever-changing array of instructional posters, art work, student creations and awards. Beneath the bulletin board would be a bank of student PC's equipped with drill programs for the various levels of Latin study and translation programs for Cicero and Vergil. The front of the room would feature tiered blackboards which could be raised and lowered for student work and teacher presentations. A battery of modern, historical and mythological maps would hang above the board. Behind the center tier of raisable black board would be a built-in high definition T.V. screen connected to a VCR and video-disc player

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Pompeiana, Inc.  
6026 Indianola Ave.  
Indianapolis, IN 46220

## Latin... Your Best Educational Investment

POMPEIANA NEWSLETTER I.S.S. #08929941

15,000 copies of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER are printed monthly, September through May, for international distribution.

The Pompeiana NEWSLETTER is a membership benefit for Retired, Adult, Contributing and Student Membership holders. AUXILIA MAGISTRIS are shipped to all non-student memberships.

Pompeiana was incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana in June 1974 as a National 501-(c)(3) not-for-profit Center for the Promotion of Classical Studies at the Secondary School Level.

Rates and policies for those desiring domestic or foreign memberships, as well as Advertising Policies and Guidelines for Submitting Material for Publication, should be requested from Editor.



## Ostia ... Where the Mute Stones Speak

By Frank J. Korn

During the heyday of both the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire, Ostia was a thriving port city fourteen miles west of the Eternal City. So named because of its location at the mouth (*ostium*) of the River Tiber, Ostia had a population of 100,000. At the peak of its prominence in the second century A.D., it had suburbs that sprawled almost all the way back to Rome.

Like all port cities down through the ages, it was a rough and tumble, hurly-burly, endlessly interesting place where one was likely to encounter every language and nationality in the known world.

The cosmopolitan nature of Ostia is apparent from the great variety of native and foreign gods worshipped here. Through both archeological and epigraphic evidence we learn of temples dedicated to the various Roman deities and to the cult of the emperors. Traces have been found of sanctuaries to the Egyptian divinities Isis and Serapis, and to the Syrian gods Dolichenus and Maïumas. Sixteen oratories to the eastern cult of Mithras survive in fragments. And ruins of a stately synagogue indicate the presence of a sizeable Jewish community in the port city.



Ruins of an ancient synagogue

While legend stubbornly insists that Ostia was founded by Ancus Martius in 640 B.C., scholars suggest a later date, sometime in the fourth century B.C. By Caesar's day, we know for certain, Rome was receiving most of its grain shipments here. This was due to the fact that many once prosperous farms in the surrounding countryside had been abandoned, their struggling owners having moved—bag and baggage—into Rome to place themselves on the welfare rolls.

Wheat in huge quantities came in from Africa, Egypt and Sicily. (Ostia was about two days' sailing distance from North Africa.) Wine and olive oil arrived from Spain, produce from the Naples region. From Babylonia came clothing, from Capodocia in Asia Minor panels of colored marble, from India and Arabia a wide range of goods. This cornucopia of merchandise was transferred to barges and towed by oxen upstream to Rome. (A towpath on the right bank of the river led all the way to the capital.)

All this activity meant jobs and business opportunities. Shipping firms proliferated. The shipbuilding and ship

repair industries flourished. Stevedores were needed by the thousands to load and unload at the docks. Warehouses sprung up beyond number. These required laborers, watchmen, and clerks. Rope-making and carpentry kept thousands more occupied. To satisfy the hunger and thirst and need for lodgings of foreign seamen in port at any given time, inns and cheap restaurants and bars abounded.

Ostia also hosted the brick-making factories. Since the Romans built their four story tenements (called *insulae*) out of brick, this was a critical industry. The few large brickworks and the numerous smaller ones used slave labor. A slave-worker could turn out more than 200 bricks a day.

Inevitably this fever of activity spawned yet another bloated bureaucracy. The government set up here the *Annona*, an agency to supervise the shipping and distribution of merchandise, to examine and control its quantity and quality, to conduct shipside inspections, and to attend to payment of fees and tariffs. To ensure the government's interests and the public safety in this congested, turbulent, and traffic-plagued city, a detachment of Rome's finest soldiers patrolled the streets and piers day and night.

In the last fourth century, Ostia's decline paralleled that of Rome. Then in A.D. 409 Alaric dealt a fatal blow. To reduce Rome into submission, he and his Goths seized the port with all its granaries on which the capital depended.

Soon Ostia became a ghost town. As the decades and centuries passed, its buildings crumbled. By the late Middle Ages, sand had blown over the ruins and buried the once vibrant city on the Tyrrhenian coast.

Excavations got under way slowly in the latter part of the eighteenth century and continued intermittently through the next. Under Mussolini, Ostia Antica emerged from the sands of time.

Today, even more so than Pompeii, it is the archaeology buff's paradise. Today a visitor in search of clues of what daily life was like in antiquity will find in Ostia remarkably intact temples, apartment complexes, shops, inns, warehouses, offices, public baths, and even public latrines. The theater, probably the work of Agrippa, is especially well-preserved.



Ruins of the ancient theater

And for the visitor who knows Latin, the *Decumanus Maximus* (Main Street) leads out of town to the necropolis where hundreds of tombs, from the modest to the magnificent, bear epitaphs waiting to be translated, inscriptions that tell of the livelihoods and family life and hopes and dreams and fears and sufferings of all those souls who so long ago crossed the dark eerie waters of the Styx.

Here, the mute stones wait to speak to us of the importance that was Ostia and the glory that was Rome.

## Dubious Derivative

Tourist: This is certainly a unique town.

Local: What do you mean "unique"?

Tourist: You know, *unus* meaning "one," and *equus* meaning "horse."

## Ideal Classroom (Continued a Pagina Prima)

permanently installed in the teacher's desk. Stored on video discs would be thousands of slides and video clips accessible via barcodes posted in all the standard texts used for instruction in each class. Installed in the teacher's desk would also be a high quality tape player wired to multiple speakers mounted in the ceiling of the room. Below the tiered blackboards would be a bank of built-in file cabinets and built-in storage units for video tapes and discs, audio tapes, texts and resource materials. Convenient to the teacher's desk would be a low volume photocopier, a scanner machine and a teacher's PC equipped with its own printer and tied into the school's record keeping system.

Free moving individual student tables and chairs would fill the center of the room. "Then, lastly, but by far the most important, this Latin room must cherish happy, eager students and a teacher overflowing with a love of teaching."

## KORYPHAIOS KAI KINESIES

Jerry A. Patergale  
Azusa Pacific University

Lysistrata, Kleonike, my Myrrhine, sherds cast  
all in unison.

The holy rites of Aphrodite are ostracized!  
Athenian men all seek for Zeus, our throbs  
our throes please reduce.

Koruphaïos, to Mt. Olympus resound our pleas.

Lampito and Immenia, other leaders in this  
catastrophe of matriarchy.

Koruphaïos, Athene's statue they've brought  
to heel, and put the Akropolis under  
seal.

Spartans and Boiotians also fight, not with  
men, but inner pains—the throbs and  
throes.

Peripatetic Hermetic statues ask of you, give  
us a song to end our woes.

Your Myrrhine holds an ostrakon and an oath,  
different from yours, you think, but  
both.

The Rhodian perfume, the shoes, the cot,  
Weren't what you ordered, but remain  
your lot.

Her verdant meadows, her fruited plain, bring  
you no joy, just swelling pain.

She vowed to fire your desire with molten  
allure,

Then remain to your panting advances, icily  
pure.

A cloistered chastity oath, she nearly broke,  
foiled only when you absently spoke.

Kastor and Zeus must wonder why, concerning  
Peace you yelled, "ἀφ' ἡμετέρων!"

## Window of Experience

By Matthew Chandler, Latin II Student of Kay  
Fluharty, Madeira Jr./Sr. High School,  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Some believe a window is still.

Views changing only with the consistent seasons.  
Reaching only within the limits of a man's cramped  
vision.

Others believe a window is in the mind.

Views changing only with capricious reasons,  
Reaching only within the limits of a man's prejudiced  
decisions.

One believes a window is on the feet.

Views changing with the passing regions,  
Reaching only within the limits of a man's resolution.

The window of Ulysses showed:

Azure Oceans

Hushed Forests

Crystal Rivers

Soaring Mountains

Rugged Islands

Majestic Gods

Virtuous Men

Revolting Creatures

Venomous Deceit

Eternal Trust

Experience's form, like clay, comes  
From that which it meets.



Ruins of shops and apartments

### Miriam's Account of Her Last Day on Masada

*Erin Kirkpatrick, Latin II Student of  
Roberta M. Grandone,  
Quabbin Regional Jr./Sr. High School, Barre, Mass.*

This morning I awoke at the first crack of dawn and put on my light summer shift cloak. I quietly walked through the tiny, dark room to the fireplace and began to prepare breakfast for my husband and growing son. Our dwelling is located in one of the many rock towers on the fortress, Masada. Our family and 957 other Jewish men, women, and children journeyed here to escape the Roman occupation of Judaea. Just two years ago, Jerusalem fell to the Romans. They wanted the land for trade routes and tax money from the Jewish people. My husband, Eleazar Ben Yair, is our leader and will not surrender until our conditions of one tax free year, a Jewish Governor General to rule us, and the evacuation of the Roman army are met. For nearly a year, Flavius Silva and his tenth legion of five-thousand men have been stationed at the foot of Masada. They have been building a ramp (which turned out to be for the battering ram) up to the west wall. But several days ago, a new Governor General replaced Silva briefly. This general, who announced himself as Falco, was not concerned with army tactics, but with bribery and horror. He threatened to catapult Jewish slaves against the wall if Eleazar would not surrender; but Eleazar stood firm even as the bodies of his kinsmen were flung against the hard stones. We women and children had been gathered into a corner dwelling where the catapult could not be heard, but I broke away to stand near my husband. I could barely contain my disgust at the cynical faces of the soldier's below, so openly satisfied at the fates of those pitiful slaves. But before the fifth victim could be catapulted, a shout was heard and Silva came running out of his tent, threatening Falco.

Silva seems to be a brave and honest man. He admired my husband's courage and determination and tried his best to grant our conditions, but apparently Emperor Vespasian has ordered him to destroy Masada and its inhabitants. Falco must have been sent to insure that these orders are carried out.

After Silva resumed his command, work on the ramp continued. Each night Eleazar met with his men, and I kept busy teaching my son all that he was unfortunately missing from school. The attack came before I was prepared.

Once Eleazar realized what was happening, he ordered the men to construct a wooden wall behind the original stone wall and fill it with sand. When the battering ram could not knock the new wall down, Silva ordered it to be burned. The elders met with Eleazar and prayed for the Lord to blow the ravishing flames away from the wall back against the tower, and not five minutes later their prayers were granted.

The wind shifted again, however, and Eleazar called us together to decide what could be done once the wall was broken down. Suggestions were to evacuate and try our luck on the desert sand, to fight an already losing battle, or to surrender to slavery.

Then my husband got a look in his eyes that I've never seen before. He told us about our Lord, and made Him so alive and exciting that we were all touched deeply. He asked us if we would rather be Roman slaves or join our Lord by taking our own lives. Amazingly, after a short time, all but one family consented. This family hurried from the temple to hide in a cistern to wait out the Roman raid.

I'll end these writings now, because at any moment Eleazar will be returning to the house to join me and our son. He told me to be ready as soon as he comes home. I am ready to meet our Lord, but I hope Eleazar will have the gentleness to wait until my son and I have dropped off to peaceful sleep before he does what is necessary to protect us from a life of degradation.

### Martial Modernized

*By J. Jorczak, L. Rothbaum & B. Dennis, Latin IV  
students, Carmel H. S., Carmel, Indiana  
X.54*

Olus gives a grand buffet  
And on his table eyes are trapped.  
I, too, could party every day  
If all my food stayed plastic-wrapped.

### My Longest Journey

*By Kate Nowak, Latin I student of Margaret Curran,  
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, N.Y.*

He heaves his sword to mine  
I can feel my energy drain.  
But I have crossed that line  
Between a chance and hopeless strain.

I lay upon the ground  
The blood flows silently from my chest.  
I can faintly hear the cheering sound  
Of the man who put me to my rest.

A cold, it washes over me,  
The Styx, I'm indescribably numb.  
Now I finally get to see  
Hades, the place to which I'll come.

My fate, it is in question  
After taking Charon's ride.  
My regrets, too many to mention,  
Will Hades see my side?

I look back upon my life,  
On all my past mistakes.  
I caused many grief and strife,  
I can't go back and heal their aches.

The decision will be made,  
Under Hades' rule I must wait.  
Elysian Fields, the good brigade,  
Or Tartarus, punishment, my fate.

Maybe the beautiful Persephone  
Will overlook my faults  
And convince the powerful one  
To keep me from Tartarus' vaults.

I respectfully approach  
And appeal to the divine.  
She seems a helpful coach  
To help in my short time.

She asks to hear the tale  
Of my greatest regret.

I reply, "To Corinth I did sail,  
And become an adulterer, the worst I've met."

She understands my grief,  
And my sorrow toward my wife.  
"You are not a killer or a thief,  
And did not lead a terrible life."

The time of judgement came  
Under Hades' commanding hand.  
With his love's advice he removed my blame  
And sent me to the virtuous land.

I am thankful, now my life is a blur.  
I wait for my wife here to be.  
She was truer than any human before her,  
But that she thought of me...

### Welcome to Derivative Heaven

A vagrant canine discerned a somnolent feline on an interurban viaduct during a nocturnal intermission from a magnificent edifice in the proximity. Without procrastination, but with exceeding alacrity, he avidly ambled toward the placid creature. A senile custodian appeared in gaudy vestments was hilarious at the prospect of a bellicose spectacle.

The incited canine with subtle acumen furtively proceeded toward the nonvigilant feline, but his plan was frustrated. A garrulous itinerant ardently motivating a velocipede served as an impediment to the predatory beast by exhorting the feline to use its vitality as a fugitive lest it be deleted by the pugnacious ire of its opponent, and its existence on this rotund orb be terminated directly. After a cursory circumspection of the station of her hostile and inimical adversary, she emitted of her own volition a penetrating vociferation, projected her abundant and copious caudal appendage to a maximum altitude, computed the distance to the riparian terrace below and jumped.

### Cupid, Cupid

*By Keith Wallman, Latin 7 student of Patricia A.  
Geraci, Pittsford Middle School, Pittsford, N.Y.*

Cupid, Cupid, have a heart.  
Strike me with an arrow of gold.  
For love and I are far apart.  
Towards others I am shy, not bold.

Cupid, Cupid, player of pranks,  
I do not wish to be made a fool.  
If you help me, I'll give you many thanks  
Because if I have a girlfriend, I'll be cool.

### The Goddess of Pain

*By Elissa, Latin Student of Sr. Marita Gill,  
Seton Catholic High School, Pittston, Penn.*

The goddess of anguish was born into a very happy family. Her mother was the goddess of goodness, and she, being the oldest child, was destined to follow in her mother's footsteps. Throughout her childhood years, Angie, as her friends called her, was gentle and loved by everyone. She had her heart set on helping the world to become a place free of pain, a place where everyone prospered and enjoyed life.

One day, as Angie was walking, she spotted an old woman sitting on the side of the road. The woman looked to be having some trouble, so Angie asked her if she needed any help. The old hag snarled and then turned into a raven and flew away. Angie continued on her way, but a picture of the old woman remained in her mind. A little bit farther down the road, she came upon a fox whose foot was caught in a trap.

"Oh, Fox, what can I do to help?" she asked. Gingerly, she untwisted the foot from the tangles of wire. The fox was extremely grateful and was just about to thank Angie, when the raven swooped down and landed on her shoulder.

"Young girl," the raven croaked, "why do you insist on helping the creatures I am trying to punish? Beware! I call down a curse upon you. The rage of Zeus will be yours to deal with if you choose to meddle in my affairs again. Let this be a warning." Then the bird flew away.

This warning frightened Angie so much that she ran home and vowed never to help anyone again. She knew this would be hard to do, but she was determined to keep the curse from coming true. Weeks went by and Angie lived miserably. Everyone around her wondered what had happened to make Angie so cold-hearted, but no one knew that, inside, Angie wanted to live like she used to, but couldn't.

Another week went by and Angie was so depressed that her health began to decline. Well, it came about that Angie was picking flowers in a field one day when she spotted a baby lying among the weeds. It was crying and looked extremely undernourished. She ran over to the baby and tried to pick it up, but the moment she touched the smooth velvety skin, it turned into the old hag.

"What did I tell you before, my darling?" screeched the hag. "Did I not warn you about helping my victims? Now you will take my place and be condemned to cause pain to everyone you see."

A horrified expression crossed Angie's face, as she realized it was too late. The raven disappeared, having passed its curse on to Angie. Her only relief now could come from sharing her misery with others. She had become the goddess of anguish.

### Pictogram

#### Equus

*By Sue Robb, Latin I student of Margaret Curran,  
Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, N.Y.*





The Most Significant Roman Battles: A.D. 357 - 366

### Legionnaire Score Board

Romans in power: V— Challengers and Barbarians: III



"Don't just stand there! Help pull me up out of this tunnel!"

Argentoratum, War against the Alemanni in Germany

August A.D. 357

13,000 Romans under Julian attacked the Alemanni under Chnodomar shortly before nightfall after a long march. The Alemanni lost over 6,000 while the Romans lost only 243 soldiers and 4 tribunes. Chnodomar was taken prisoner.

Amida, Persian Wars

A. D. 359

After a 73 day siege, the Roman garrison and the inhabitants were slaughtered by the Persians under Sapor II, who lost 30,000 men in the process and had to abandon hope of conquering the Eastern Empire.

Singara, Persian Wars

A.D. 360

Defended by a Roman garrison, this fortress was captured by the Persians led by Sapor II and dismantled. The Roman garrison was sent into captivity.

Maogamalca, Persian Wars

A. D. 363

Although this fortress was considered impregnable, Roman legions led by the Emperor Julian laid siege to it and then dug a tunnel from their trenches under the Persian ramparts. When three Roman cohorts burst from the tunnel into the streets, the Persian garrison abandoned their positions on the walls and the fortress quickly fell into Roman hands. After looting and taking

prisoners, the Romans burned the fortress.

Perisabor, Persian Wars

May A. D. 363

Julian led his Roman troops against this city which was being defended by an Assyrian and Persian garrison. Julian's troops completely destroyed the town and dismantled the inner fortress.

Tigris, Persian Wars

A.D. 363

Roman troops under Julian crossed the Tigris River to attack the Persians who were holding the opposite bank. After 12 hours of fighting the Romans won, killing 6,000, while they themselves lost only 75 men.

Ctesiphon near the Tigris River, Persian Wars

June 28, A.D. 363

As the Emperor Julian was retreating from an attempt to siege Ctesiphon, the capital of Persia, he received a mortal wound in a brief encounter with Persian troops led by Sapor II. Jovian was quickly elected Emperor to replace Julian, and peace was negotiated with Sapor II that restored to him almost all the previous Roman conquests in Persia.

Chalons, Invasion of the Alemanni

July A.D. 366

The Romans under Jovian killed 6,000 Alemanni being led by Vadomair and took 4,000 prisoner. The Romans lost only 1,200 soldiers.

### An Open Letter

By Brian Masterson, Latin II Student of Kay Fluharty, Madeira Jr./Sr. High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear friends,

I have a problem, and I hope that you may be able to help. My husband, we'll call him "Odysseus," has been unfaithful, and I'm not quite sure what to do about it.

On one particular morning, my husband told me that he was going to go to war in some far off place called "Troy." That was about twenty years ago. He came back last week.

It's not enough that he left me for twenty years, barely a newlywed -- do you have any idea how hard that was? Twenty years! -- but he even had the nerve to make up some fantastic story about why he was so late coming home. He tried to tell me that he had been cursed by some tramp named Cassey never to come home, and that the curse had -- get this -- nearly been fulfilled. To cover these tracks, he made something up about being trapped in a cave with a giant with one eye, a giant that just happened to be the son of Poseidon. He even gave the giant some long name...uh, Polly Feamush, or something like that. Then he told me that he narrowly escaped death, say, oh, two or three times -- almost getting turned into a pig, or getting caught in the winds. I'm convinced he's lying because when I was talking to my oracle friend the other day, she chided me in that my husband had been a little, shall we say, unfaithful. This is so totally unfair! I had hundreds of suitors calling on me, and you didn't see me taking advantage of every opportunity that walked in the door! My oracle friend told me that he'd run around with at least two women, possibly more. She even said he had spent a whole year with some chick named Cerear, or Cerebral, or Circle -- her name's not important.

Should I dump this guy and find myself a new hero? I'm still relatively young. I can weave, and I'm sure there are still some suitors worth running around with -- some that would at least write or send word if they were going to be 20 years late getting home!

Faithfully Yours,  
Penelope

### The Swells of Neptune

By Scott Brown and Alison Kalinowski, Latin II Students of Bo Laurence, Saint Joseph High School, Victoria, Texas

Once upon a time, in the crystal blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea there lived a beautiful mermaid named Anemone. Among all the mermaids she was the loveliest, in fact, she was so beautiful, that the people of the sea named a tiny creature after her.

One day, Neptune, god of the ocean, saw Anemone collecting shells. Neptune was captured by her beauty and decided to make her his wife. Anemone, though, was in love with a human whom she would watch from under the water as he walked the shores of the beach. Neptune gave all his love to Anemone, but was saddened each day when she would leave him to go see her secret love.

Although Neptune did not know who the man was, he knew that his own love for Anemone was so great that he would be willing to share her with the young man during the day so long as she returned to him in the evening. So, Neptune arranged for Anemone to be able to leave her watery home during the day to be with the young man she loved if she promised to return to see Neptune each night.

Neptune spent his days weeping over the absence of Anemone, yet awaiting the time when she would return. When she came back to the sea, Neptune was overcome with joy. His happiness at seeing her was so great that the waters of the ocean welled up to their highest point. Soon, though, day light would return and Anemone would leave. Again Neptune was mournful, and his waters receded.

Each day the sighs of Neptune cause the movement of the ocean we call waves. When Neptune is with Anemone, the ocean swells and is at high tide; when she is gone, the tide, like the spirit of Neptune, is low.

If one evening you are walking along the shore and the waves seem gradually to be getting nearer your feet, realize then that the ocean is swelling with happiness, for Neptune is with Anemone.

### Jason's Bogus Adventure

By Stephen Dewart, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, N.Y.

(In this story Zeus decides to save Jason's life just before the prow of the good ship Argo is about to fall and crash him. Jason is whisked away in an untested time-travel machine recently created by Hephaestus. When Jason regains consciousness, he finds himself reliving his youthful quest in 20th century New York City. He was having a problem, however, remembering just what it was that he was supposed to find.)

Jason stood in front of Gate G of Madison Square Garden in New York City on a Sunday night. Only a janitor noticed his arrival. Since fate continued to be on Jason's side (anything is possible in the Big Apple), the janitor happened to be an ex-Greek professor who could sort of understand what Jason was saying, although he really had no idea of exactly who Jason was. He understood that Jason was looking for something golden, undoubtedly the coveted W. W. F. Golden Championship Wrestling Belt. At Jason's request, the janitor happily related the story surrounding the huge contest that had been held for many years. He also told Jason how millions of spectators watched and how it had evolved into Wrestlemania, the largest sports contest in all the world's history.

Jason, greatly awed and perplexed by this story, asked the janitor how one would go about entering the event. He was told that wrestlers must register as a team of four and that they must demonstrate amazing strength and talent. Jason's mind raced. He knew no one in this strange land and, therefore, was unable to create a team. Then he remembered the machine that had transported him to where he was. He knew that if he was able to return to his time and homeland, he would be able to round up his hero friends who were excellent fighters. Surely if this contraption had brought him here, it could take him back! Without hesitating, Jason quickly re-entered the machine and set off for home.

Within moments Jason was back in the stadium introducing the awe-struck janitor to his friends Hercules, Orpheus and Theseus. He then had the janitor explain the nature of the competition in full

detail. Although Hercules was greatly disappointed by the strict rules of the fight, Jason reassured him that the belt was, indeed, worth it. The janitor then invited the group to spend the week in his apartment, as the match was not until the next Friday. The group worked diligently during the day sewing elaborate costumes which were designed by the janitor. At night the group hit all the action packed night spots looking for danger and adventure. Since all of them, especially Hercules, were used to treating women quite differently, they ran into quite a bit of trouble. For example, at one of New York's finest avant garde bars, Hercules and Theseus insulted a man's wife during a dance act. Luckily, they left before the SWAT team showed up.

Finally, the big day arrived. The four spent most of the morning practicing wrestling moves on one another and had just about formed a game plan. Also, at about this time, the janitor had finished making last minute adjustments to their costumes. After a brief lunch of Big Macs and french fries, they all tried on their costumes. The outfits fit perfectly and their barbarian appearance could not have been more appropriate for the upcoming match. The janitor also had thought of wrestling names for the team members the night before. Jason was to be "Jason the Fleecester," Hercules would be "Hercules the Lion Tamer," Orpheus was to be "Orpheus the Musician," and Theseus was to be "Theseus the aMAZEing."

When evening arrived, the janitor led the foursome through the back entrance to the office of the show's producer. The producer marveled at their costumes but was quick to add that Hulk Hogan was to be wrestling that night. Then, when the producer told the group that, according to a pre-determined arrangement with Hulk, he would have to be the winner that night, Hercules proceeded to pick the producer up by the ear and throw him into the wall. The janitor, not wanting to lose his job, quickly led the group out of the office and into the warm-up room. After they settled down, the janitor told

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

## Martis Dies—Dies Mortis

Submitted by Adoris Turner, Latin I Student of Hilary Sikes, Indianola Jr. High School, Indianola, Miss.

"I'm so afraid, but I dare not tell another gladiator of this. I can't help wondering if these few minutes that are before me are my last." I puzzled over this and convinced myself that I had nothing to fear.

It was the second day of the week, and the second day of the games. It would be the day of death for many. As I walked from the preparation stalls, I saw a gleam of light, and I knew that the arena entrance was near. I walked out onto the sand along with the others and we began our march. As we passed the magistrate, we all saluted with the words, "Nos morituri te salutamus!"

The day progressed, and I quickly had the blood of two men on my hands. There were twenty of us left. We were placed into four groups of five; then we did battle. Julius and I were the survivors in our group, while three survivors in the other groups were still warring. As they fought, I leaned against the wall to catch a moment's breath. Suddenly Julius attacked me. I side-stepped his thrust, broke his wrist, and then slit his throat.

Only Octavius and Claudius from the other groups were left standing. I called out, "You effeminate duo are not worthy of breathing Rome's great air," and then I swore to take that privilege from them shortly. They charged foolishly, and I speared the heart of Octavius clear out of his bosom. Claudius paused but steadily approached with skill matched only by the gods; today, however, was to be my day as I carried the thunderbolt of Zeus. Claudius' strength was greater, but my desire was unmatched. He taunted and toyed with me—this would cost him his life. At one point he got lucky enough to slash his initial on my face. I prayed for the Gods to grant me centaurian strength and grasped a piece of stone from the ground. I forced it through his eye.

As I left the arena, I thought to myself, "Sure, they praise me for the moment, but how long will it last? When will the day come that I'll make the fatal mistake? When will it be my dies mortis?"

## Bogus Adventure (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

them not to listen to what the producer had said, but to try their hardest to win. They all nodded and patiently waited for their names to be announced. Finally, the loud speaker boomed, "And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the moment you have all been waiting for, the mystery tag team from Corinth, Nebraska, the ARGONAUTS!" The crowd went wild as the four walked down the aisle toward the stage. Already in the ring was the toughest tag team in the world, **The Flesh-eaters: Hulk Hogan, The Ultimate Warrior, Buzz Saw, and Andre the Giant.** The crowd, knowing that the **The Flesh-Eaters** could beat anybody within seconds, cheered at the bravery of this unheard of tag team. Side bets were made as to how long these newcomers could stay in the ring.

The first to pair off were Theseus and Andre. Before Andre even got a chance to flex his muscles for the crowd, Theseus had him pinned on his back. When Buzz Saw jumped into the ring to save his teammate, Orpheus pulled out his lyre and broke it over Buzz's head, knocking him out. Hercules never gave the Ultimate Warrior a chance to step into the ring. He grabbed his arm and threw him into the cement floor.

Meanwhile, back in the ring, Jason had locked eyes with Hulk Hogan. Seeing what Jason wanted to do, Hercules made sure the ring stayed clear so the real fight could begin. The crowd, awe-struck by the quick turn of events, watched in silence as Jason and Hulk Hogan, hoping to surprise Jason with his trademark move, mounted the ropes and prepared to jump. Jason immediately moved to the side and smiled as the Hulkster hit the mat. Jason quickly pinned the Hulk, ending the entire match only seconds after it had begun. The other heroes gathered around Jason and held him high above their heads. With the crowd cheering, the referee presented the belt to Jason and the other Argonauts, thus completing their quest.

After the cheering has stopped and they had all changed, Jason told them to prepare to leave the following morning. Jason invited the janitor to come along with them, as he would surely lose his old job.

Of course, before the group returned to the janitor's apartment for the evening, they decided to enjoy one last night on the town—but that's another story.

## Hospitium Hic Locatur

## Triclinium Cum Tribus Lectis

## Cena Specials At The Hospitium Pompeianum Located Near The Thermae Stabianae

## GUSTATIO

Panis Hospitii et Vinum (vel sucus)

## Ova

Bruise together 1/4 tsp. oregano, 1/2 tsp. celery seed and a little salt and pepper. Place in a small sauce pan and add 2 tbs. chopped onion and 1 cup of wine and 1/2 cup water. Boil this mixture then lower heat and poach one egg for each diner.

Over the top of the poached eggs, pour a sauce made from 1 cup of chicken broth mixed with 1 tbs. honey, 2 tbs. chopped pine nuts and 1 tsp. celery seed. Salt and pepper to taste.

## PRIMA MENSA

## Holera Cocta

Clean and cut up 1 bunch of celery, 10 medium sized carrots, and 2 heads of broccoli. Boil them in a pan of water (to which a little baking soda has been added) until tender and then drain the water from the pan, saving it to be used later. Over the vegetables in the pan sprinkle 1 tsp. celery seed, a little black pepper, 1/4 tsp. coriander, a little savory, 2 tps. chopped onion, 1/3 cup wine, 1 cup of the water you drained from the vegetables, and 2 tps. olive oil. Heat slowly for 5



minutes, stirring the sauce onto all the vegetables. Sprinkle in a little flour to thicken the sauce. Place in a serving dish and sprinkle with a little thyme and black pepper.

## Omasum

Slowly cook 1 lb. of cut up tripe in covered pan of water for 4 hours. Remove all but 2 cups of water from the pan and add the following sauce ingredients in which the tripe will be cooked for another hour: a little salt and black pepper, 1/4 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. celery seed, 1 tsp. honey, 1 tbs. wine, and 1 tsp. mint. Cook slowly in this sauce for an hour, stirring occasionally so it doesn't stick or burn.

## SECUNDA MENSA

## Globi de Ficis Contusis

Toast 1/4 cup of sesame seeds at 400° for 3 or 4 minutes (do not burn them). Next remove the stems from 1 lb. of dried figs and mash the figs together into a uniform paste. To this paste add 1 tsp. of ground anise seed, 1/2 tsp. of ground fennel seed and 1/2 tsp. of ground cumin seed. Mix well, then shape the paste into 1" balls. Roll each ball in finely ground pine nuts and chill to firm them up before serving.

## Androcles

By Tracey Wood, Latin III student of Dawn M. Kiechle, Indian River Senior H.S., Philadelphia, N.Y.

Androcles had a very wicked master; Androcles, however, couldn't work faster. Androcles, therefore, soon ran away from home. Androcles was forever to be alone. Androcles soon found refuge in a small cave. Androcles saw a lion that was much graver. Androcles lay down to hide from the lion. Androcles did not know that it was dyin' Androcles finally saw the bleeding paw, Androcles removed the thorn without much awe. Androcles and the lion soon were best friends. Androcles hoped this friendship would never end. Androcles was soon found and condemned to fight. Androcles fought but was filled with fright. Androcles feared most for his newly found friend. Androcles cared not if his own life would end. Androcles stepped in the arena to fight. Androcles knew that all was not right. Androcles, then, with his face down met his match. Androcles saw it was the paw he had patched. Androcles looked up to see his best friend. Androcles knew this friendship would never end.

## The Brother's Tomb

By Alison Kalinowski, Latin III honors student of Mrs. Bo Lawrence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Many days have I been at sea, sailing to arrive at the tomb of my brother to give him my last respects. Finally have I made it to give a last gift to the dead.

Though what I offer is little, you have become ashes, as you were before I knew you.

Fate has cast you here, and brought me to you, my brother. You have been taken from me, and turned to darkness, a shadow. Even so I have come, if by nothing else than by tradition of old. Accept my last offerings; take my flowing tears to nourish your grave, and, finally, take unto eternity my last hail. Farewell, my brother!

## Mater

By Levettia Sagax, Latin I student of Hilary Sikes, Indianola Jr. H.S., Indianola, Miss.

## Mater

hilaris, honesta  
fortis, magnifica, modesta  
rapida, verax...dulcis, lacertusos  
audax, curiosus, felix  
clamosus, animosus  
pater

## Those Seven Wonders

If you've ever wondered just what the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were, here's the list. Be the first kid on your block to memorize it. Amaze your friends and impress your teachers.

- I. The Egyptian Pyramids
- II. The Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon
- III. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus
- IV. Phidias' Statue of Zeus at Olympia
- V. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, built in honor of King Mausolus
- VI. The Colossus of Rhodes
- VII. The lighthouse on the island of Pharos, off Alexandria.

The list was compiled in the 2nd Century B.C. by Philo of Byzantium who was working in Alexandria.

## All's Fair in Love and Teaching

Don't get too upset if you have one of those teachers who loves to sneak trick questions into tests and quizzes. It's a "teacher thing" that's been around at least since the time of Archimedes.

That clever inventor from Syracuse used to insert false statements into his books to see if any of his students were paying close enough attention to notice and to discourage people from copying his texts—he could prove plagiarism by pointing out the mistakes that he had built into his work.

## CLASSIC CACHINNATIO



SPECULUM O SPECULUM!  
QUIS EST PULCHERRIMA  
OMNIUM?



Cara Matrona,

I am married to a wealthy Pompeian businessman and lead a relaxed life of leisure in my large home. Now that my *filia* has been given in *matrimonium*, I have little to do except manage a few slaves and make sure that I am available to my *vir* when he wishes to see me. In the past, for something a little different in my life, I have been visiting a friend of mine who owns a small villa just outside the *Porta* which leads to *Herculaneum*. I was even initiated into an exclusive clique of worshippers who meet there occasionally in honor of the Greek god Dionysus. Of late, however, I have become bored with the rituals and miffed by the kind of women my friend is adding to the group. I want something different in my life, something exciting, something to look forward to when I get up in the morning.

I've heard about a new sect that is gaining popularity in the region, and I'm wondering if you can offer me any information before I get myself totally involved. Its devotees call themselves *Christiani*.

I would appreciate it if your reply could be discreet—perhaps sent under your personal seal—so that I will not needlessly jeopardize my reputation.

(*nomen suppressum a Matrona*)

*Cara Inquisitrix Pompeii*

*Me paenitet*, but I do not send out any replies under my personal seal. I have, however, withheld your name for your own protection.

You have expressed an interest in a sect which could cause you serious trouble. I'm glad you asked about it before getting yourself involved. Too many people today want something special in their lives. They want that element of surprise promised by the so-called "mystery religions" coming out of the east. They like being told that nice things will happen to them regardless of whether they perform careful rituals, meticulously recite prescribed prayers or offer proper sacrifices. They like being told that some "mystery god" loves them and will do nice things for them just because that's the way he is. All this, of course, goes against all common sense.

Haven't you noticed the type of people that are attracted to the sect called the *Christiani*? They're

## Roga Me Aliquid

slaves and derelicts, people who have no choice in life except to hope that something is given to them as a freebie since they deserve nothing and could never earn anything on their own.

For years *Judaea* has been a problem for the Roman state, and our *Imperator Vespasianus* has just recently brought the people there under some semblance of control. Many people from *Judaea* now live in Rome and do practice their religious beliefs, albeit secretly and in underground hideaways. Their belief in a single god runs contrary to the many gods revered and worshipped by the state, and their refusal to listen to reason causes them to be mistrusted by most respectable people. So far as I have been able to figure out, the *Christiani* you mention are simply a radical splinter group of these *Judaei*. They followed a Rabbi named *Iesus* who claimed to have been anointed especially by his god and thus was also called *Christus*. My sources tell me that this Rabbi was executed during the time of our *Imperator Tiberius*, but his followers believe that he returned to life briefly before disappearing up into the sky, similar to the way we believe *Hercules* was made a god. This splinter group also rejects the official gods of the Roman state and claims that their god is the only true one. In fact, they claim that their *Iesus* was actually the *filius* of the god of the *Judaei* and that his appearance in *Judaea* actually concludes most of the religious beliefs of the other *Judaei*.

These *Christiani* are even more cliquish than the other *Judaei* and are very secretive in their meetings. I've heard that their dinners are "love feasts"—which sounds to me like they are using their beliefs to practice communal orgies of some sort—definitely not the kind of society in which a respectable *matrona* should be seen.

I've also heard that their preachers lure people into their "fold" with a very simple dream of creating a world of love and peace—at least for a few years until their *Dei filius* returns to take them all up in *caelum*. Sure we all dream of living lives filled with love and peace, but we also know that the reality of the world precludes this from ever becoming a reality. So, who is influenced by these preachers? Mostly those who lead otherwise hopeless lives. People who can't bear the reality of their lives often choose to live in a dream world and to associate secretly with those who share their own delusions.

At the moment, the authorities seem to be benignly looking the other way, but you never know when that will change. Despite all the bad things people say about our late *Imperator Nero*, he did clearly recognize the

threat of this sect to the state religion and enforced a strict policy of persecution. Surely you've heard of the human torches used to light the *Stagnum Neronis* and of the weaponless *venationes* that were held in the *Circus Maximus*?

If you really want my advice, wake up and smell the *fascimen*. Re-dedicate yourself to your *Lares et Penates*. Don't fool with these eastern "mystery religions," or the next thing you know you'll be wanting to consort with soldiers in the *Mithraeum* at Capua.

### Lover's Lament

There was a young lover much prized  
Who by Thisbe was quite idolized;  
When his clothes were found bloody,  
She said in a study,  
"I think he's been lionized!"

### You Can't Make A Sow's Ear Into a Silk Purse, But Your Mouth Will Do Just Fine

In Ancient Greece people would carry a money bag with them if they needed to spend a lot shopping, but if they only needed to spend a few small coins, they preferred simply to put the coins in their mouths and suck on them until they were needed. It is no doubt because of this custom that they began to insert small coins into the mouths of the dead so they could pay *Charon* for his ride—after all, that's where people were used to carrying small change when they were alive.

### Caesar

By Gary Bartlett, Latin III students of Dawn M. Kiechle, Indian River Senior H.S., Philadelphia, N.Y.

Caesar was a very merry old soul.

Now he is a maggot pie in a hole.

Caesar was one of the greatest Romans.

Then he met with some very bad omens.

Caesar was not a very wise man.

He was betrayed, killed by Brutus' hand.

Caesar trusted Brutus with his very life.

Brutus severed that trust with his knife.

Caesar was not murdered by only one man.

He was killed by an ugly and despicable band.

Caesar fell. With words he did not lack.

"Then fall Caesar, I'll be back."

Caesar was honored by Antony, his friend.

Antony, to get the bad guys, many people he did send.

Caesar, now fallen, did lie on his face.

One was gone, now three took his place.

Caesar was dead, but some chains he did rattle,

Appearing before Brutus on the field of battle.

Caesar was murdered, but left with this one curse,

"Those who betrayed me shall meet with the worst."

## INDICIA PER ACTA DIURNA PALAM FACTA (Classified Ads)

### Eme! Eme! Eme! Hi Libri Tibi Possidendi Sunt

Barnes & Noble, (800) 242-6657, has several titles that will be welcome additions to your classroom and personal library:

See Inside An Ancient Greek Town (1413665)	\$3.95
See Inside A Roman Town (1413582)	\$3.95
The Aesop for Children (1273937)	\$6.95
The Wall Chart of World History (1539048)	\$19.95
Alexander the Great and his Time (1668722)	\$6.95
The Timetables of History (1088871)	\$19.95
What They Don't	
Teach You About History (1670033)	\$9.95
Hannibal (1699040)	\$7.95
The Ancient Engineers (1621952)	\$9.95
The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World (1573070)	\$7.95

AND A VIDEO:

The Vatican Museums  
Color: 56 mins. (VHS: 1410182) \$19.95

126 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10011

### Hoc Mense Noli Solus Domi Sedere. Liceat Mihi Sodalis Tibi Esse!

So, ol' Sol hasn't shown his face for weeks, and you're depressed. Cheer up! It's February! There are at least X different festivals to attend, and (for a modest fee) I'll be your *sodalis* at every one. I'll pick you up in the morning, take you to where the action is, eat out with you, party hearty all night, and then get you safely home so you can rest up for our next day on the town.

We'll do *Faunalia* on the Ides—they say the Tiber Island is beautiful this year; two days later we'll have the best seat along the parade route for *Lupercalia*. If you like, I can even get you a spot right near the Lupercal Grotto so you can see the pre-parade sacrifice. Then it's off to the Colline Gate on the Quirinal. I'll even take you to check the ward postings for *Fornacalia*—that's right, no February Fool this year! Next we'll start three days of partying for *Parentalia*, doubling up on the last day with *Feralia*. After that it's *Caristia*, *Terminalia* and, this year, *Bisextus*. Next, it's *Regis Fugia*. We'll end the month on the *Campus Martius* with *Equiria* and a whole day of horse races and games. Ask for "*Convivamus*" near the *Curia* after *hora nona*.

### Magistri Magistraeque, Disce Aliquid Hac Aestate Dum Pecuniam Meres

The N. E. H. will pay Latin teachers up to \$3,200 to attend any of these summer seminars. Apply directly to the seminar director no later than March 2, 1992.

I. Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, June 29—August 7: J. David Blankenship, Dept. of Philosophy, State Un. of N.Y. College, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561

II. Transformation and Flux in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, June 29—July 31: Leslie Cahoon, Dept. of Classics, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, PA 17325

III. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides: Performance and Interpretation of Greek Tragedy, June 22—July 31: Marsh H. McCall, Jr., Dept. of Classics, Stanford University, Stanford, CA 94305

IV. Learning and Teaching in Plato's Protagoras and Meno, June 29—July 31: Clyde Lee Miller, Dept. of Philosophy, State University of New York, Stony Brook, N.Y. 11794-3750

V. Philosophy and Medicine in Ancient Greece, June 29—July 31: W. R. Wians, Dept. of Philosophy, Boston Un., 745 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215





## ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



Joe Vadis



Dan Ferrelli

## MYTH MIRTH



# Carmina Optima



## Et Eorum Auctores

38. I. LEGITIMIOR DESTITU, Malleus  
II. REDOLET SICUT ADULESCENTIS ANIMUS, Nibbana  
III. ADAMI CANALIS, Malleus  
IV. NE SOL IN ME OCCIDAT, Georgus Michael et Eltonus Iohannes  
V. TANDEM, Sini Penistona  
VI. LATUS AMENS, Marci Marcus et Circulus Simplex  
VII. RISUM TUUM DILIGO, Shanica  
VIII. ADAMANTES ET MARGARITAE, Regulus et N. P. G.  
IX. NULLUS FILIUS MEUS, Origo  
X. FAC ME CERTIOREM DE CONSILO TUO, Tevinus Castrabella

## Ahoy Mates!

Submitted by Jason Holstege, Latin II student of D. Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Match the sailing term with the correct Latin word.

- |                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| to set ashore      | A. conscendere    |
| small boat, skiff  | B. navis oncraria |
| to land (a ship)   | C. navis longa    |
| to board (a ship)  | D. appellere      |
| merchant ship      | E. deducere       |
| warship, galley    | F. navigatio      |
| voyage             | G. solvere        |
| to launch (a ship) | H. navicula       |
| to set sail        | I. exponere       |

## How Well Did You Read?

40. 1. Which "mystery religion" is *Matrona* advising against in this month's column?  
2. What did the feline do after emitting a penetrating vociferation and projecting her caudal appendage to its maximum altitude?  
3. How many bricks could a slave at Ostia manufacture per day?  
4. Which three heroes did Jason enlist to help him in his "Bogus Adventure"?  
5. What famous list did Philo of Byzantium compile?  
6. According to the Latin lead story, how much of the movie *HOOK* was actually good?  
7. Whose window showed hushed forests, crystal rivers and soaring mountains?  
8. According to Scott Brown and Alison Kalinowski, what does it mean when the ocean is at high tide?  
9. Why can the Battle at Amida in A.D. 360 be rightfully called a Pyrrhic Victory?  
10. Where did ancient Greeks carry their small change?

## Caesar

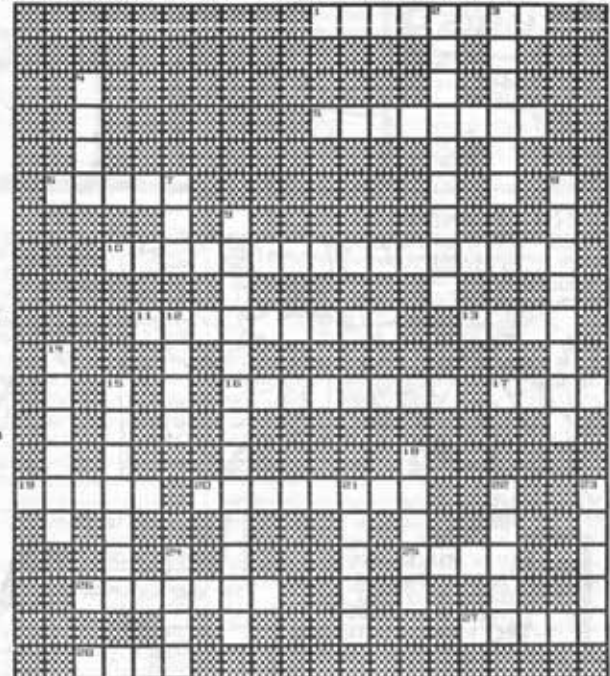
Submitted by Michael J. Gravino, Latin Teacher, Three Village School District, Setauket, L.I., N.Y.

### Across Clues:

1. princeps Haeduerum  
5. Roman name for Switzerland  
6. Caesar's praenomen  
10. legatus who got his military ornaments mixed up  
11. the Helvetian "pagus" which Caesar caught up to and defeated at the Arar River  
13. Gallic tribe whose name is preserved in the word "Bohemia"  
16. Latin word for modern day Lake Geneva  
17. total number of Helvetian "pagi"  
19. present day name for the river Matrona  
20. name for Spain in Latin  
25. river crossed by Helvetians with rafts and boats  
26. title given to one of Caesar's staff officers  
27. modern day name of river which flows through Paris  
28. "oceanus solis"

### Down Clues:

2. princeps Helvetiorum  
3. Caesar's nomen  
4. mons in Gallia  
7. "mittere ... iugum" = unconditional surrender  
8. princeps Sequanorum  
9. optimus legatus Caesaris



12. "facere ..." = to march  
14. fortissimi Gallorum  
15. numerus legionum ductarum in Galliam ulteriorem a Caesare  
18. antonym of an "urban"  
21. Septentriones  
22. number of parts into which Gaul is divided  
23. modern name for the river Rhodanus  
24. "sol oriens"

## A Message to All Latin Students

Submitted by Michael Brown, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Translate the Latin words on the left into the blanks. Insert the numbered letters into the blanks at the end.

- |          |     |        |          |                         |      |
|----------|-----|--------|----------|-------------------------|------|
| deficio  | 1   | L      | fossa    | D                       | 11   |
| mortuus  | D   | 13     | acquies  | F                       | 7 10 |
| pollicor | 8 3 | M      | egregius | 13                      | T 4  |
| turpis   | 12  | G      | maxime   | 14                      | 9 Y  |
| veho     | T   | 6 18 2 |          | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10    |      |
| coniugo  | 5   | 16 T   |          | 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 |      |

## Res Latinae

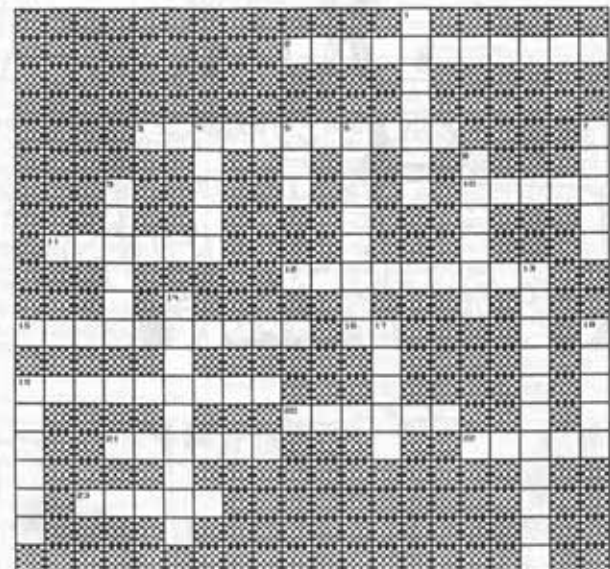
By Stephan Wayland, Latin III student of Carol Berardell, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

### ACROSS

2. for the men carrying  
3. of the storm  
10. with the waves  
11. tibi (case)  
12. they have known  
15. Sweat area in a Roman bath  
16. 5th decl. dat. sing. ending  
19. about to warn (masc. sing.)  
20. to remain  
21. mortal gorgon  
22. fire (nom. sing.)  
23. the 5th or the 7th

### DOWN

1. restroom (nom. sing.)  
4. thousand  
5. sol, solis, m =  
6. case of separation  
7. bear (the animal, nom. sing.)  
8. golden sea  
9. second (nom. f. sing. — not secunda)  
13. worn by a Roman candidate  
14. good day (nom.)



17. between  
18. delays (acc.)  
19. Id magna cura misit uses an ablative of \_\_\_\_\_



## AUXILIAMAGISTRIS

(These solutions and translations are mailed with each Bulk Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing members. No copies are sent to student members.)

## 38. Carmina Optima

- I. 2 LEGIT 2 QUIT, Hammer
- II. SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT, Nirvana
- III. ADAM'S GROOVE, Hammer
- IV. MAY THE SUN NOT SET ON ME, George Michael and Elton John
- V. FINALLY, Q & Ce Peniston
- VI. WILDSIDE, Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch
- VII. I LOVE YOUR SMILE, Shanice
- VIII. DIAMONDS AND PEARLS, Prince and the N.P.G.
- IX. NO SON OF MINE, Genesis
- X. TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, Tevin Campbell

## CAESAR

41. DUMNORIX  
R U  
G L  
HELVETIA  
T U  
CAIUS O S C  
U T R A  
PUBLIUS CONSIDIUS  
T X T  
TIGURINUS BOII  
B T S C  
E Q E LEMANNUS FOUR  
L U R A S  
G I B P  
MARNE HISPANIA T R  
E Q E O G H H  
U E N R A R A R O  
LEGATUS T N E N  
S S H SEINE  
TEST

42.

## A Message to All Latin Students

Submitted by Michael Brown, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Translate the Latin words on the left into the blanks. Then insert the numbered letters into their matching blanks at the bottom.

deficio F A I L  
mortuus D E A D  
pollicor P R O M I S E  
turpis U G L Y  
veho T R A N S P O R T  
coniugo U N I T E  
fossa D I T C H  
aequus F A I R  
egregius O U T S T A N D I N G  
maxime E S P E C I A L L Y  
F O R T U N A P E R  
T V O S D I E S

43.



39.

## Ahoy Mates!

Submitted by Jason Holstege, Latin II student of D. Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich

Match the sailing term with the correct Latin word.

- |                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| I. to set ashore      | A. consendere     |
| H. small boat, skiff  | B. navis oneraria |
| D. to land (a ship)   | C. navis longa    |
| A. to board (a ship)  | D. appellere      |
| B. merchant ship      | E. deducere       |
| C. warship, galley    | F. navigatio      |
| F. voyage             | G. solvere        |
| E. to launch (a ship) | H. navicula       |
| G. to set sail        | I. exponere       |

40.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. Christianity
2. She calculated the distance and jumped to the ground.
3. More than 200
4. Hercules, Orpheus and Theseus
5. The Seven Wonders of the World
6. The first and last 15 minutes.
7. Ulysses'
8. Neptune is with his girl friend, Anemone.
9. The Persians won, but they lost so many men that they had to abandon their campaign
10. In their mouths

## HOOK: The Pain Drags on for 135 Minutes

Once upon a time there was a nice story that children liked. The hero in that nice story was a boy who did not want to grow up. His name was Peter Pan. When Peter played, he traveled to an island called Neverland. On the island Peter had the Lost Boys as friends as well as fairies and mermaids. On the island there were also redskins and pirates whose leader was Captain Hook.

One night (in that nice story) Peter came to London and sneaked into the bedroom where Wendy, Michael and John were sleeping. Together with Peter the three children flew off to Neverland. On the island the children experienced many dangers and adventures with Peter and his friends. The children were captured by the pirates and Captain Hook, but in a short time they were set free by Peter and his friends. Then they returned to London and were soon asleep again in their bedroom as though nothing had happened.

J. M. Barrie wrote the story in 1904. It was a play first, then it was rewritten to be a novel. "What a nice story," many people said.

Now, however, we have the movie, *Hook*, and not only is no one saying, "What a nice movie!" but many are saying, "This is a bad picture. It's too long! Steven Spielberg has ruined a nice story. Spielberg has lost his ability to make good movies; he no longer knows how to please an audience."

In the movie *Hook* Peter Pan is a boy no longer. He has grown up. He has married Wendy's granddaughter. He is a cutthroat yuppie lawyer living in America and

neglecting his wife and children. As the movie begins, Peter and his family travel to London to visit his wife's Grandmother, Wendy (who was the girl in the original nice story). Peter's children sleep in the same bedroom that Wendy, Michael and John once slept in.

While Peter's children sleep, they are kidnapped by Captain Hook and taken to Neverland. Grandma Wendy reminds Peter of the days when he himself used to be Peter Pan. She orders Peter to become Peter Pan again and to save his children from Hook. Peter flies off with a fairy through the darkness, and the movie flies away to sleepy-land.

Moviegoers say, "The first 15 minutes and the last 15 minutes were good, but the rest of the picture was slow and boring."

This movie is not for children but for young parents who feel guilty because they don't spend enough time with their kids. The movie is for young parents who are trying to get in touch with an inner-child. Because *Hook* is for parents, it does not have a completely imaginative story line. The movie does not require its viewers to believe in nymphs, pirates and magic.

*Hook* is a movie full of suffering. Peter Pan is in pain because he grew up. The viewers suffer because the movie drags on, and it doesn't have a fun story line but a serious one—a story based on adult truths and not on the frivolities of imagination. Unfortunately, the pain lasts for more than two hours!